

The Trail

JANUARY,
1927



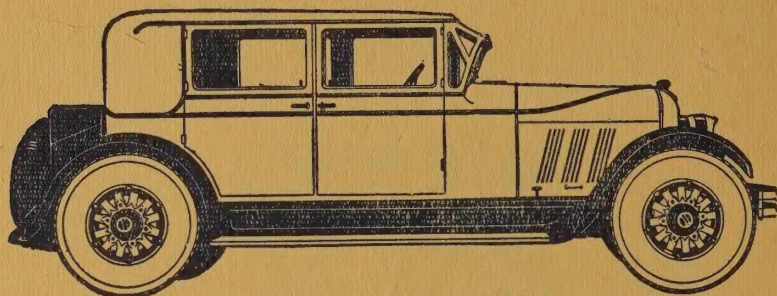
NUMBER
EIGHTEEN

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No. 18, January, 1927

THE TRAIL

Edmonton, Alberta

WHETHER your trail be paved or boulder-strewn, ice-bound or lilac-hedged—wherever you may be and whatever you may be—the Association greets you, one of the University circle.

The following pages contain a little of graduate news and thought, an idea or two from the University — and other things.

HERE is a proposal, one that has been simmering for some time. We expect to hear from you in this connection, if you have considered the possibility be-

fore, your opinions will be of that much greater value.

It seems that if a combination of the two university publications—the undergraduate newspaper, *The Gateway*, and the graduate magazine, *The Trail*—were effected, much might be accomplished. It should be in the best interests of the two organizations concerned and in the best interest of the University.

A weekly newspaper, carrying the news of the University—and having a graduate editor in charge of an alumni sec-



Cecil Ethelbert Race, Registrar of the University of Alberta, died January 11, after an illness of more than a year.

Mr. Race's connection with the University dates from the earliest days. He became Registrar in 1910, and during the years since that time very few students have completed their study at the University of Alberta without knowing Mr. Race, and being known in turn. His influence has ever been quiet, but effective—he gave of his best as instructor, as counsellor, as friend.

The late Registrar was ordered to the coast at the beginning of the 1925 term. He returned last fall, improved, and resumed his classes. The University hoped that he would be permanently restored to health, but he was stricken again December 11, and died one month later.

Every alumnus will join in paying respect to Mr. Race, a friend of all.

tion, keeping you informed of the doings of the Association and its members—surely would appeal.

The publication, separately, of *The Gateway* and *The Trail* means a duplication of business, a duplication of printing, a duplication of material, and where the common interest is so evident, the more economical arrangement of an amalgamation should prove satisfactory.

A newspaper could be printed weekly, during the University term, with a Convocation number also, as at present. A possible issue or two devoted more particularly to graduates, might appear during the summer. There seems little doubt too, that a literary magazine could be assembled during the year, supplemental to the regular paper. Drawing from a field including graduates and undergraduates, such a literary effort would be abundantly worth while.

There is one fly in the gravy—at least, for some. The paper could scarcely be sent to those who forget year, after year,

to pay fees. But those who are interested in the University of Alberta, in the things that happen there, and in the doings of its graduates, may regard the suggestion kindly.

The parties involved, the Alumni Association and the Students' Union, would need to be officially consulted. A constitution giving the paper greater freedom could be fashioned. But these are incidentals.

Is the thing worth while?

FROM a letter of an alumnus who is far away: "Where was the sporting news in the October issue? All I can find is a notice of a future rugby game with the U. of B.C., and I am just as interested in interfaculty games, etc., as ever. I know there was a track meet this fall, as I saw it in an old Regina paper, but can not find a mention of anything in *The Trail*." These things *The Trail* must largely omit. But with a combined newspaper now

SECRETARY'S NOTES

The Council meets usually on the last Monday of each month at the President's home. Mrs. Russell's hospitality attracts all the members who can possibly attend, and lightens the routine of business.

Mr. Dixon Craig and Mr. Harvey framed the amendments to the Constitution which have recently been submitted to the members in good standing. These were necessitated by changes in the handling of alumni finances and by the rather indefinite provision for business management of *The Trail*. Since a mail vote had to be taken an effort was made to include all needed amendments at one time.

Mr. McMillan's letter in the last issue was heartily supported by one writer and as heartily opposed by another. Quoting from the latter: "It is not because the fee for members at large is two dollars that more do not join the Association, nor is it because the graduates have lost interest in the University. I think the reason is that we are somewhat lazy and something always intervenes between our good intentions and their fulfillment." This writer and others have suggested

that they should be reminded by the Treasurer of the date on which fees fall due, and no doubt this will be done in future.

It may not be generally known that a Branch of the Association may be formed in any city, town or village where ten or more alumni reside. Graduates in Olds and Lethbridge have begun to talk of organization—more power to them! What about London? Toronto? Winnipeg? Medicine Hat? Regina? New York? Banff? Vermilion? Los Angeles? Cambridge, Mass.? The Secretary will be glad to furnish further details to any alumni who reside where a branch is feasible.

WRITERS' COMPETITION

The Writers' Club of the University offers two prizes of \$15 each for the best short story and poem submitted by a graduate or undergraduate of Alberta before March 15. Manuscripts must not be signed with contestant's correct name, but this to be supplied separately. The competition closes March 15.

Miss Emily Horricks, University of Alberta, is the secretary of the club.

CANADIAN ANCESTRY-WORSHIP

WALTER B. HERBERT

Ancestry-worship, to the minds of most Canadians, is a matter usually associated with China or the long-dissolved empires of the dim past. Few of us would be willing to admit that there is a close connection between our own conservatism in governmental affairs, and the well-recognised mental-complex of the yellow man. The reason is not deeply hidden. We know that worship of forebears by the Chinese has been one of the outstanding causes of that country's failure to develop normally. It would be a rude jolt to our pride to have to believe that in our civilization there was even an inkling of the same thing as that which has been prominent in the throttling of China. But would not an hour of introspection prove interesting?

We will all agree that the "Fathers of Confederation" were men of a high moral and intellectual calibre, fired with a desire to build up a dominion "par excellence," motivated by a deep and sincere love of country. Historical records convince us that those men strove patriotically and untiringly for the things which they considered essential to the welfare of the newly-born Canada. For Sir John Macdonald and his confreres in the magnificent work of creating a constitution for Canada we have carved a niche in our Hall of Fame, and our hearts are united in doing honor to their memories. But are we justified in believing it as a fact that their enactments, so well suited to their times, are and always will be timely for the generations which follow?

The Canada for which they legislated was a vastly different land from the great dominion of today, and from that which will be in another generation. Doubtless those men had high hopes and fond dreams of great western plains covered with golden grain as far as the eye could reach. But their works were designed essentially for the land which lies east of the Great Lakes. Canada, in 1865, was a land of considerable similitude and uniformity, as compared with our modern great, complex nation.

What would the Fathers of Confederation do if they were to meet today for a purpose similar to that for which they assembled sixty-one years ago? Speculation on the subject is interesting, and may even prove profitable. If we can convince ourselves that they would enact now differently from what they did then, we may be able to consider changes in our constitution with fewer qualms of conscience and less fear of being branded "bolshevik," "radical," "red," or "anarchist."

We are too prone to believe that because a constitutional fact has its roots in antiquity it should not be altered. We bind up too much the personalities of the creators of ancient legislation with the present-day applicability of their statutes. The British North America Act is a notable example.

Consider the matter of the tariff, for instance. The determination of import and export duties was placed by the B.N.A. Act in the exclusive control of the federal parliament. And rightly so, at that time. But the suggestion is now being discussed, in many parts of Canada, that the time has arrived for a deviation from the time-worn system of political juggling and intersectional back-biting which has developed in connection with the administration of customs duties.

Canada is comprised of four quite distinct tariff areas: the Atlantic area, the Eastern area, the Prairie area, and the Pacific area. Experience has shown us that tariff policies adopted for the whole of the dominion invariably arouse sectional opposition. Some of us are inclined to intolerantly brush aside such particular claims as those advanced, from time to time, by manufacturing Ontario, or agricultural Saskatchewan; and rely too faithfully on the doctrine of "majority rule." There is also another doctrine which great men have supported, "the greatest good for the greatest number." An effort to harmonize the application of both ideas in Canadian tariff problems might prove worth while. A perm-

anent tariff commission—in powers as well as name—extra-political—might prove a panacea for the ever-open wound caused by the tariff mess.

"Yes," some say, "but you would steal the chiefest spice from the political stew." Such a statement is only an admission, not an objection. Canada would profit by having her vexed tariff problems turned over to a capable body of experts, who would study the needs of the country honestly, who would foresee probable reactions from the light of experience and research, and whose deliberations would be uninfected by the ballotability of their recommendations.

And that poor old political bone-yard, the Senate! Is it not true that our chief objection to sweeping changes in the composition and duties of the upper chamber is, in some way, vaguely connected with our aversion to disregarding the status quo? One can almost feel a slight shudder—is it dismay or annoyance?—as we realize that what has to be

altered is the work of those "imperishable fathers." But if Brown, Cartier, Mowat or Tache were with us now, and were to suggest that it is improper to pack our Senate with broken-down party war-horses without careful thought as to their suitability as legislators, we might be more apt to listen and act. Canada pays annually \$554,000.00 to maintain her pretty Senate. Is the expenditure justifiable, in view of the service that body is rendering? Or can it be even remotely possible that we are paying for services rendered? Perish the thought! Lest our revered ancestors turn over in their honorable graves. True, it is that there are a number of clever, statesmanlike members in our upper chamber. In our eyes, they stand head and shoulders above the illustrious rabble; thereby proving themselves to be the exceptions to the rule. Their talents could be better used in the House of Commons, or in other positions where

(Continued on page 24)



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GREEK GODS

(Miss Cato was a member of the party of University folk, headed by Dr. Alexander, which toured the Mediterranean this summer.—Editor's Note.)

The literature of Greece is largely the story of gods and men—with the gods not so very far separated from the men. Pindar is quite explicit on the latter point: "One race there is of men and one of gods, but from one mother, Earth, draw we both our breath." The gods have a little more strength, and a little more size, and whatever advantages may accrue from deathless years; they seem in short to be the luckier branch of the family, but to the family they still belong. Process of time and the advent of "barbarous" ideas have robbed them even of this superiority, and those who seek them in Greece today must seek them, not on Olympus' top, nor in some majestic temple, but on the street and in the market-place. Here are a few notes on some I thought I detected.

Early during our stay in Athens, in July, 1926, we became acquainted with Mr. Photis Katomeris, formerly chauffeur to Ex-Prince Christopher, now

languishing in exile in Florence. But the former Prince left his Cadillac limousine and his chauffeur in Athens, for which we were very grateful. Katomeris the chauffeur is certainly Hermes, the wing-footed messenger god and the patron saint of foreign language study. Never did Hermes on pinions of the wind travel faster than Katomeris drove us over that thrilling mountain road from Amphissa to Bralo, and as for languages, he spoke French, German, some English, and—greatest achievement of all!—modern Greek. Of course, to gain this latter object he took the only recommendable course; he had himself born a Greek! For the trailing clouds of glory which an ex-god should possess, Mr. Katomeris had pleasant recollections of serving as chauffeur to Queen Alexandra and the ex-Empress of Germany, and for evidence a handsome scarf-pin, the gift of Queen Alexandra. Mr. Katomeris had wedded a daughter of human-kind, an Austrian, who, so we learned, spoke very little Greek, but I suspect that from the standpoint of a Greek husband this was all in her favor. Pericles certainly went out of his way in the funeral speech to say so.

In Athens we were greatly surprised to find so many Apollos. Apollo presided over the expression of thought in language, but, since that is quite a nerve-racking occupation, mythology assigns him as well a silver bow to play with. His modern representatives seem to find no difficulty in the first department, pouring forth "honey-sweet" words at a high speed, but they have replaced the ancient toy with strings of gaily-colored beads which they finger nervously as they orate. In our simplicity we had thought they were rosaries, but we should have known that no ancient gods ever really capitulate; the most they ever do is to compromise.

Hephaestus presided over fire. We were sure we had rediscovered him one divine day when we sailed the Aegean waters from Athens, past Salamis and Aegina and Poros, and many other of the isles of Greece, to Nauplia at the head of



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the Argolic Gulf. (And, by the way, we stopped at Spetsai, and saw the Hotel Poseidon, where even at that hour the dictator Pangalos was summering, all unconscious of the impending doom.) Opposite sat a family off on vacation; the father kept a cigarette in his mouth all forenoon which, though apparently burning, was not consumed, and sent up no sweet incense (as of Millbanks) into the nostrils of the blessed gods. On returning to Athens we found that artificial cigarettes are much used, and that they are regarded as highly beneficial, because they contain a liquid which is soothing to the throat. Greece—so they say—has several such.

Pan, the shepherd god, dwelt of old in the country, and abides there still. The gods that dwell in Athens dress in tailored suits such as we are accustomed to see in our own country—Oxford bags apart—but the “dwellers-around” dress in costumes which suggest to us the stage. Among some the fustanella is very popular, a cotton skirt shirred and plaited in

the best of style. Many of the peasants, especially those of the Isles, wear a short, dark-colored bolero, a red vest, and trousers the amplitude of which must be seen to be appreciated. These rural gods, like ancient Pan who inflicted “panic” terror by his sudden appearances, had a habit of suddenly emerging from the roadside, but only to utter the friendly “Kalemeras” (a good-day to you!), which constitutes the universal greeting.

We return again to Hermes, this time in his capacity of the conductor of souls. The street-car conductors of Athens are usually gods, less often goddesses. They always seemed so friendly and made me feel so much at home in Athens violet-crowned. Whenever they collected my fare, they talked to me melliferously and at great length, but, being guiltless of any modern Greek outside of the charmed words “liminada limoni,” which are the signal at the cafés for a noble thirst-quencher, I could only smile as pleasantly as possible upon my Hermes to show my appreciation of such courteous conducting. One day, however, I sat waiting with a drachma in my hand, my offering to the god, when Dr. Alexander said: “The fare is two drachmas.” “Oh, no!” said I, “I’ve never paid more than one drachma yet!” Then there was a sudden burst of understanding, and I realized the purport of the divine message so many a Hermes had sought to convey to me.

The elder gods, Zeus and Poseidon, are recognizable in the Parthenon frieze by their ample beards; one sees them in the streets of Athens today similarly bearded, or more so, and wearing robes that float afar, and tall cylindrical black hats. As these are “rimless lids” and confer only majesty and no shade, they are supplemented by an umbrella of magnificent dimensions. These priests of the Holy Orthodox Church are the antithesis of modern “shinglers”; they allow their scalp locks to grow long and wind them up in a tight little knot at the back of the neck. As they incarnate the dignity of Zeus, so do they still display his well-known diplomacy and politeness towards goddesses. A friend of ours from the

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British School was returning home on a crowded "15" street-car when she was jolted unceremoniously into the lap of a Papas. With Olympian gravity and decorum, he promptly begged her pardon. What more could he do? The gods of Greece would never insult a woman by offering her a seat. I can readily understand why "Gentlemen prefer Greece"; as one member of our party declared in emphatic tones, "It's a man's country."

After being in Athens for nearly a month, I came to the conclusion that at one time gods may have been men, but that now men are gods. The great bulk of the hard work, especially the field work on the reluctant soil of Hellas, is done by women. Always on the country roads the man may be seen riding the donkey while the woman trudges behind. One notices no middle-aged women, only very young girls or what appear to be old women, though in reality many of them are only in the thirties. However, this condition will not much longer prevail. One of the ladies of our group, an

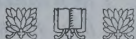
intransigent for women's rights, promises to return to emancipate the Greek women; doubtless then Greece is on the verge of a great social renaissance, and the time is not far distant when the gods of modern Greece must share the honors with the women, and even assume some of the burdens. After all, the gods of old Olympus were not averse to that.

MARION CATO.

COMMERCE GRAD AT UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

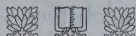
Older Varsity students and grads who were acquainted with Cyril O'Donnel (B.Com. '25, M.A. '26) will be pleased to hear of his success at the University of Chicago. After graduating from Alberta, Mr. O'Donnel registered this fall in post-graduate work at Chicago. Word has just come of his recent appointment as a research assistant in the Economics Department of that institution.

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THE MOST UNUSUAL PLAY OF THE YEAR

J. D. C.

"*The Great God Brown*," by Eugene O'Neill, Jonathan Cape, publishers, 1926. 7s 6d net.

Since the publishing of that stark and morbid drama, "*Desire Under the Elms*," dramatic circles of America have been waiting with mixed feelings for Eugene O'Neill's next play. The New England tragedy created a sensation, wherever it was played: most of the dyed-in-the-wool theatre-goers were enthusiastic; others, including the purists, thundered against it. It was a nine days' wonder. A new wonder has come to displace it, a wonder that promises to itself a longer life.

"*The Great God Brown*," a drama of modern life, is one of the most remarkable and unusual plays from the pen of any modern American dramatist. Not only its use of realistic masks, but its unique methods of character revelation set it in a class by itself. It is different from anything that Mr. O'Neill has yet written. The author is a realist of realists; he does not hesitate to knock down those barriers of restraint, which most of us are conventional enough to consider necessary to good drama. Some of his plays are frankly sordid; with all their power of dramatic situation, they seem to lack that idealism which transforms realism. But "*The Great God Brown*," Mr. O'Neill's latest and best play, has in it this vital and saving element of idealism. It is realistic indeed, but the realism is infused and transformed with spirituality. Let us examine the more important details of the play.

The most striking feature is the use of masks. With the aid of the highly developed modern mask-maker's craft, Mr. O'Neill shows many of his characters in dual form: on the one hand, the character as he is, unmasked; on the other, the character as he appears to the world, his masked self. True, other modern dramatists have attempted to create such dual characters; some of them have succeeded to a greater or lesser extent. In this case, the convincing device of realistic masks and excellent characterization in speech and actions, combine to make the illusion absolutely real to the audience.

Sometimes as the characters change from Act to Act, the masks change likewise. The possibilities of such a device are enormous. Mr. O'Neill has made the most of his.

The play opens with a long prologue. Two families, the Antonys and the Browns, each composed of father, mother and grown son, are introduced in succession. The boys, Dion Antony and Billy Brown, are chums, graduating from collegiate. Dion is a lean, restless youth. "His face is masked. The mask is a fixed forcing of his own face—dark, spiritual, poetic—into the expression of a mocking, reckless, defiant, sensual young Pan." Billy is a handsome youth of eighteen, with "the easy self-assurance of a normal intelligence." He is not masked.

The two boys are in love with the girl of the story, Margaret, though neither confesses the fact to the other. But Margaret loves Dion and Dion only. Billy finds this out, and, like a good sport, takes his defeat manfully. Dion meets Margaret and pours out his love for her. But he is unmasked.

Margaret (freezingly): Is this a joke—or are you drunk?

Dion (with a final pleading whisper): Margaret! (But she only glares at him contemptuously. Then with a sudden gesture he claps on his mask—and laughs bitterly.) Ha-ha-ha! That's one on you, Peg!

Margaret (with delight): Dion! How did you ever—why, I never knew you!

Dion (puts his arm around her boldly): How? It's the moon—the crazy moon—playing jokes on us!

The play proper opens after Margaret and Dion have passed six years of married life together. They love each other, but Dion has been reckless. They must have money. Billy Brown is now William Brown, famous architect—the Great God Brown, as Dion bitterly calls him. Margaret swallows her pride and goes to Brown, who, for old friendship's sake, takes Dion in with him as chief draughtsman. It is a bitter dose for the super-sensitive Dion, but he has no choice. Brown's old love for Margaret still

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THE REGISTRAR

smoulders in his heart. Dion, with the last dregs of pride bitter in his mouth, begins to drink heavily. Margaret suffers, but she says nothing. Then one night Dion comes to Brown's mansion, deliberately drinks more than he can stand, for he is on the verge of a breakdown and pours forth all the bitterness that has been rankling within him. He senses that Brown still loves Margaret. With a curse for his quondam friend upon his lips Dion dies in Brown's room.

Then a fantastic idea enters Brown's mind, and he quickly puts it into effect. He buries Dion's body in his garden, but keeps and uses for himself Dion's clothes and mask. He becomes Dion and leads Dion's life, though in his office he remains the great Brown. The situation is tense; he knows that sooner or later his Jekyll-Hyde plan will be discovered, though Margaret never comes to know of it. She feels that her "Dion" is changed, but she never suspects the truth. While in the guise of Dion, he is accused of the murder of Brown. He flees to his home, in company with Cybel, a woman of the underworld whom he has befriended. He is shot there by the police and dies in

Cybel's arms.

Cybel (she straightens up and looks into space)—with profound pain): Always spring comes again, bearing life! Always, again—Spring again!—life again!—summer and autumn and death and peace again!—(with agonized sorrow) but always, love and conception and birth and pain again—Spring bearing the intolerable chalice of life again! (then with exultance)—bearing the glorious blazing crown of life again!

Captain of the Police (enters without looking at them—gruffly): Well, what's his name?

Cybel: Man!

Captain (taking a grimy notebook and an inch-long pencil from his pocket): How d'yuh spell it? (Curtain.)

Mr. O'Neill might fittingly have named his play "What Price Life?" The values of life are revealed in his vivid characters: symbolism if you will, but yet a symbolism of which the foundation rests on the granite-hard facts of life and not on airy fantasies. "*The Great God Brown*" is obviously the most arresting play of the year; in the opinion of the writer it is the best play of the year.

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CAMPUS NOTES

President and Mrs. Tory returned in December from their trip to Japan, where the Pan-Pacific Scientific Congress was held. The President has given several public addresses dealing with the economic, scientific and religious impressions Japanese life made upon him, and those who heard him were rarely privileged.

Lord Charnwood gives us the secret of the success of Abraham Lincoln in a fine saying to the effect that Lincoln kept on growing after the point where most of us cease to grow. Those of us who can remember the University in its early days, can glimpse, similarly, one of the reasons why its President has such a firm hold upon its affections. Yearly his spirit seems to grow in width and depth and power. We are indeed a fortunate University with such a leader for its councils.

The exchange professor for the first term to Alberta was G. H. Ling, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Saskatchewan, and head of the department of mathematics there. Professor C. S. Burgess was the exchange professor to Saskatchewan.

The Extension Department has extended once again, with its weekly radio service. Good work, Daddy!

The first opera in University history was produced, under the auspices of the Literary Society, Thursday, January 14, in Convocation Hall. That's a date for future historians to conjure with. The name of the opera was "Maritana," under the joint direction of Mrs. J. B. Carmichael, R. R. Couper and Professor J. Adam.

The question of fraternities has lifted its head the veriest trifle this season, one or two letters appearing in The Gateway on the subject. We thought that Bill Howson, Paddy Nolan, et al, had settled that question once for all in those exciting Union debates of '13-'14!

Debating maintains its importance and high standards, and Alberta defeated Cambridge in December upon the lively subject of state restriction of individual rights. It was interesting to notice how both sides steered away from the prohibition issue! Both likely had ammunition aplenty, but the first shot was never fired. The McGoun Cup for inter-university debating goes from Alberta to Saskatchewan this year. Alberta won and lost its matches, while Saskatchewan won both, on a subject of interest to all four provinces, that of color and race restriction of the voting privilege.

The National Students Union got off to a good start during the Christmas holidays. P. G. Davies, B.A. '25, was elected Union Secretary. The need of such an organization is obvious, and we hope it will make some

real contribution to university life and work.

The S.C.M. National Conference also took place during the Christmas vacation at MacDonald College, and must have done some real things, if we may judge from its tone. As one delegate put it, "We didn't try to solve the world's problems, and didn't do much except sizzle." Canada can't ever have too much of that sort of sanity.

The plans for the University Covered Rink are well away, and it is expected that building will begin this spring, the rink to be in operation next winter.

A memorial tablet has recently been placed in the corridor entrance to Convocation Hall, erected to the memory of Professor Edwards. The words of inscription are the following:

"In memory of William Muir Edwards, Professor of Municipal and Civil Engineering 1908-1918. On his thirty-ninth birthday, November 14, 1918, he died of epidemic influenza contracted in the service of the sick in Pembina Hall."

We wonder when the work so well begun by Professor Edwards in connection with the Honor Roll is to be carried forward to completion? There are records, oral, written and photographic, about the province and University that should be worked over soon, to form some fitting visible memorial to the men who went to war. Can not the Alumni Association undertake the work?

We seem at times to notice some faint tints of what Ruskin was pleased to call "the golden stain of time" upon the University life. Here and there a beginning of permanent color, an emergence of the finer spirit which characterizes all of this earth's cherished things. The University never did better service to such ends, than when last year the position of University organist was created.

To those graduates who have had occasion to visit the larger centres of America or Europe, this statement will come home with peculiar force. To the writer at least, whose chief musical merit at graduation was that he was "sentimentally inclined to music," the revelation of what music could mean to an individual did not come until, upon visits to the east, he heard the organ music of A. T. Davison, at Harvard, and Snow of the Boston Symphony.

The work Mr. Nichols is doing week by week in his organ recitals is just of that character, and the memory of it, for many undergraduates, will be among the most precious they will have of the University in the strenuous years to come. The famous minimum conditions for a university, due to Stephen Leacock, could well be altered to read, "First of all, an organ."

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS

CRUICKSHANK—At Misericordia Hospital, Edmonton, on January 20th, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Cruickshank (nee Grace Duncan, '20), a daughter.

McQUEEN—At Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, on December 25th, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert McQueen, a son, David Lisle.

GORDON—At 11143 87th Avenue, Edmonton, on November 28th, 1926, to Dr. and Mrs. R. K. Gordon, a son, John Grahame Trinian.

MARRIAGE

MANSON — DOWDELL — At Wetaskiwin, Dec. 27, 1926, Mary Belle Dowdell to James M. Manson, B.S.A. 1926. Mr. and Mrs. Manson are living in Edmonton.

WESTON — ROWE — At Akron, Michigan, October 28, 1926, Daniel T. Weston, Med. '25, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. Weston, Millet, Alta., to Mildred, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Rowe, 9529 110th Ave., Edmonton.

KANE—BARKER—At Palo Alto, California, on Sunday, November 14th, 1926, Lucile, B.A. '23, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Barker, to Edward William Scott Kane, B.A. '20, LL.B. '22, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Kane, 11141 91st Avenue, Edmonton. Mr. and Mrs. Kane have made

their home in the Devonshire Apartments, 112th Street, Edmonton.

DEATHS

McALLISTER—At Edmonton, on December 17th, 1926, Margaret Bella McAllister, B.A. '16.

DEATH OF LEO B. BROWN

It is with great regret that we announce the death of Leo B. Brown, B.Sc. '16. Mr. Brown, who was born in Iowa in June 1893, entered the University in 1912, as a student in Applied Science. He was a keen student, especially interested in hydraulics. During 1914-15 he was president of the Basketball Club and also played on the rugby team, provincial champions for that year.

After graduating in 1916, with the John A. McDougall Gold Medal for Proficiency in Applied Science, Mr. Brown joined the 187th Battalion as a lieutenant. From this unit he was transferred in May, 1917, to the Canadian Forestry Corps and to the Royal Air Force in June 1918. After discharge from the army in April, 1919, he returned to Western Canada, and taught mathematics in the King Edward High School, Vancouver, until his death. As first president of the Vancouver branch of the Alumni Association he will be greatly missed.

The sincere sympathy of the Association is extended to Mrs. Brown and her little son.

THE COMMERCIAL LIFE

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Year.	Business in Force	Assets	Premium Income	Interest Income
1918	\$184,000	\$71,905	\$5,578	\$2,873
1920	\$723,000	\$109,699	\$22,586	\$4,963
1922	\$3,920,359	\$229,725	\$89,368	\$11,422
1924	\$5,754,629	\$400,866	\$156,998	\$15,181
1926	\$6,790,998	\$611,909	\$223,174	\$28,681

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THE LETTERS OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH

By R. K. GORDON.

Walter Raleigh, for the greater part of his life, was a teacher of English literature, but never grew wholly reconciled to the trade. "I am a teacher by accident," he said. "I had not money enough for the Bar, or anything else, after graduating—second class. I had read a good deal of English literature and philosophy while I was supposed to be reading history, so I got a chance early in the movement for teaching English." He held posts in India, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow and Oxford; he wrote books full of learning and insight on Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and Johnson; but he always cared less for books than for men. Routine, pedantry, and false solemnity he always warred against. It was this critical attitude towards the business of lecturing which made him such a fascinating teacher. He was spontaneous, excited and exciting. "Things come to me warm while I lecture." You might come away from hearing him with no notes of dates and other text-book matters, but you went and bought the book he had been discussing. He kept some of us at Oxford short of money by sending us every few days to the book shop. His lectures gave you, and his books give you, a fresh delight in literature. He never allowed himself to be deadened by excessive respect for system and cut-and-dried formulae. "As for Education," he wrote to his daughter, "I don't know nuffin about it, but I'll tell you what: These ladies at the Colleges who think it is splendid to be intellectual, spend most of their time in being examined. It's not they who run the world, not by a long chalk. They don't count, and then they often get snuffy, and talk a great deal about the intellect. But if you use the intellect you don't need to talk about it; you can put it across the talkers. The only good thing to study is something that catches you and excites you when once you have given it a chance. I hope you will choose what you like best, and then you shall hear lectures or teachers who know and care about it."

No doubt there was in Raleigh at times some unnecessary mockery of solid dull learning. Some people thought him a dilettante. But his own learning was far greater than the casual listener suspected. Serious young Scots who came up to Oxford from Aberdeen or Glasgow were at first critical of Raleigh's light manner, but they were soon conquered by his charm. Raleigh preferred the Irish. The Scots "are a superstitious, loyal, useful, jealous, impossible people. A long course of their own theology has hopelessly perverted their attitude. . . . It is impossible not to esteem them, and they are the best friends—if you have fish to fry." And yet he wrote one of the best of all essays on Burns.

Raleigh's letters are good for many reasons. They give you the man himself, though he thought them a bloodless substitute for talk, and no doubt they



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were, when the talk was Raleigh's. The opinions on authors expressed in the letters are always interesting and often unconventional and irreverent. "Thackeray is only a Plymouth brother caught tuft hunting and pretending that he was in fun." But literary criticism is not the best thing in the letters. Most readers will prefer Raleigh when he writes on "things." Some of the nonsense reminds one of Lamb's letters. Like some other people, not in England, he speculated in oil. "I have been amusing myself with balancing the oil business.

"Quoth the Devil of Prudence:

"Ten wells have been sunk, of which two produce marketable oil.

"666 acres are yet to be purchased.

"The oil, allowing for cartage, is worth 1½ dollars a barrel at the railway.

"£8,800 have been spent in seven months.

"£6,000 more is asked for.

"The Directors have not decided what to do.

"Mr. Hilliard is ill.

"The output of the wells has not been determined.

"An oil expert reports very favourably on the property of a neighbouring company."

"Quoth the Angel of Enterprise:

"Nothing venture, nothing have.

"Oil's oil, any day.

"Don't desert your employers, and leave them struggling 1,500 feet down in water, sand and oil.

"Children and fools should not see half-finished work.

"Double the risk and double the profit.

"A few more years shall roll, etc.

"This concludes the remarks of the Angel."

The letters written in war-time show us what was perhaps the deepest thing in Raleigh—his love of England. T old for the front himself, he was delighted and proud when asked to write the history of the war in the air. It was while engaged in that task that he died.

THE LETTER BOX

Drumheller, Alta.

The Secretary,

Alumni Assoc., U. of A.

Re suggested amendments and other symptoms. Am enclosing ballot. The proposed amendments may have had no trouble passing the council, but nothing passes here—short of a big six. While I have no intention of confounding the wisdom of the ancients—or flappers—I can see that some amendments are both logical and desirable, while some of those proposed are neither. I do not intend to take up these amendments separately, although they might furnish some amusement, but will try to go back of them to see what caused the rash—"if you know what I mean." And, before we start pulling teeth and taking out tonsils and appendices and other superfluous organs, we might try a shot of castor oil and a foot bath. Of course this is horribly old-fashioned, but our ancestors lived through it and produced something. This Association reminds me of what the man said to his mother-in-law, she had told him that her brains were just as good as his, and he said, "they ought to be, they're brand new." We sat for three, four, maybe five years listening to a lot of twaddle about our being the future leaders of thought, and as leaders we have about as much kick as a bootlegger's conscience. To change the simile, or whatever is the correct term for the foregoing, we'll compare her to the old bus. Her brakes work fine, but she hasn't any power on the hills, so we're going to grind her valves and hone out her cylinders and put in new pistons and rings, a new set of timing gears and a second set of controls so she can be handled from the Bursar's office—I mean the back-seat—and while we are at it, we'd better put on a long straight black body with glass sides, and doors at the back and black plumes and brackets for flowers on top, and all get in and hit the last "Trail." I'll bet we'd make Sandy Caldwell's Nash look green.

Now, so far as the old lady in the back seat is concerned, I don't suppose she wants to drive any more than I do, and as long as we're right side up on "The Trail" and don't travel more than 15 per, and are polite to the traffic cops, she won't say a word, but if we drive her into a mud-hole and then ask her to pay the towing charges she might.

No! The old bus doesn't need dual controls! What she needs is a little Applied Science. Don't laugh, this is serious. She has never been properly limbered up yet. And I propose that we proceed to step on her and see what she'll make. If 15 per is

(Continued on page 18)

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL

Betty Andrews, '24, is in charge of the Open Shelf Library at the Parliament Buildings, Regina, Sask.

Arthur Donaldson turns up c/o Box 187, Idaho Falls, where he is connected with the construction of a large hotel, being in the employ of the Stevens Hotel Co. Arthur was Sc. '22, and building construction was always his favorite field.

Jack English, '25, is in the Commercial Intelligence Service, Dept. of Trade and Commerce, Ottawa.

C. W. Kerr, Ag. '26, writes from Magrath, Alta., where he is buying grain for the United Grain Growers.

Bob Baker and Anton Bures (both Com. '24) are with the Co-operative Creameries in Regina.

Glen McClung is with the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool.

Douglas Simpkins, '22, has changed his address from Tocopilla, Chile, to Maple Creek, Sask.

The Normal School, Calgary, is the present sphere of activity for a group of last year's graduates, which includes Bessie Scott, Bertha McCallum, Lorine Torgerson, Jean Williamson, Lorna Dalgleish, Cambell Har-

grave, Gordon French and Charley Laverty. The three last-named are playing on the C.N.S. basketball team, and are expecting a whirlwind season.

Charlie Reilly, '20, and Ronald McCullough who left Alberta in 1923 and completed his work in Chemistry at Stanford in 1926, are also at Normal in Calgary.

James A. McDonald, B.Sc. '24, writes from Timmins, Ont.

L. H. Manzer, '21, is principal of the High School at Langley Prairie, B.C.

Ross Henderson and J. J. Saucier were recently elected to official positions on the Calgary Young Conservatives Club.

Fred Etheridge, B.Sc. '25, has been mine superintendent at a small mining centre near Sicamous, B.C., for the past few months.

Dorothy MacLean, '24, is teaching school in Winnipeg. Her address is 373 Wardlaw Avenue.

J. B. Glover, '21, is at present in the employ of the Johnson-Sharpe Mortgage & Loan Co., Vancouver.

E. L. Churchill, '23, writes from the Extension Library of the Olds School of Agriculture that there is a colony of twelve alumni in Olds at the present time.

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Lysle K. Blain, '21 and '23, is now in Detroit in the Guaranty Trust Co. He claims he likes his present work better than helping Henry dispose of flivvers.

J. F. K. English, '23, is at present principal of MacLean High School, Haney, B.C., District of Maple Ridge.

Marilda M. Clermont, '26 (?), writes "The Trail" from Regina, where she is one of the staff of the Commercial Department, Scott Collegiate Institute.

L. Good, B.Sc. '22, is at present in Chicago. Address not known.

Thelma Butchart, '22, is teaching in the High School at Lacombe.

E. L. Phillips writes from Olds Agricultural School enclosing fees from the following graduates, members of O.S.A. staff: A. T. Kemp, '22, instructor in Horticulture and Biology; E. L. Churchill, '22, English and Math; Charles Yanck, '24, Chemistry, Physics, Soils; Frank Addison, '24, English History and Civics; Eric Cormack, '24, Dairying and Poultry; E. W. Phillips, '22, Animal Husbandry and Farm Management.

Jas. E. Meagher, Agric. '21, is now on his farm at Neilburg, Sask., and would be glad to hear from any of his old friends.

Alex. L. Caldwell, whose address was given in the last "Trail" as Entwistle, writes to tell us that Evansburg is correct. To attribute a citizen of Evansburg to Entwistle is (according to Dr. Caldwell) as grave an error as to assign a Calgarian to Edmonton!

The staff of the Lethbridge High School includes a number of Varsity graduates: Olive Haw, '25; Dorothy McNicholl, '26; Geo. L. Wilson, '25, and Cedric Edwards, '23. Lethbridge has now some fifteen or twenty graduates in her midst.

Clarence Campbell, who has been pursuing his law studies at Lincoln College, Oxford, spent an enjoyable month before Christmas touring the continent with the Oxford Ice Hockey Team.

Jean Millar, '25, has the position of librarian in the Medical Library, University.

Bill Grindley, '24, is continuing his work for his Ph.D. at the University of Minnesota, where he is connected with the Department of Agricultural Economics.

Wilma Swinarton, '26, has completed her course at Garbutt Business College, Calgary, and is now working on the Girls' Board, C.G.I.T.

Max Palmer's ('23) address is 3924 3rd St. W., Calgary. When last heard from he was an oil-broker in that city.

Dorothy McAlpine, '26, has a position in the North Side Library, Edmonton. She says she got her experience in handling heavy tomes in the English course at the University.

Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Prior are at present in Portugal, where they will remain a year studying the language before proceeding to West Africa, where Mr. Prior, B.S.A. '26, will be an Industrial Missionary under the United Church of Canada.

Dorothy Smith, '25, is teaching French and English in the High School at Red Deer. She and Marion Gimby are "batching" in a jolly little apartment, and are enjoying life tremendously.

Gwen Toby, '26, is working in the Lab. at the Royal Alexandra Hospital, Edmonton.

Ferdie Lehmann, '21, is continuing his studies at Cambridge University, England, and hopes to receive his Ph.D. from that institution in the Spring.

John T. Jones and John Cassels spent Christmas in Rome. While on the continent they visited Florence, Genoa and Paris, "and saw two pretty girls, but didn't meet them."

Marguerite Cooper, '26, is working in her father's office in Calgary.

Louise Patterson is now in Edmonton, as Superintendent of the Junior Red Cross for Alberta.

Jack Tames, '25, is in the emergency department of the Westinghouse, Hamilton, where he is working on the electrical design of induction motors, while A. V. Baldwin, B.Sc. '25, is in the Radio department testing loud speakers.

Reva Studholme, '25, is teaching near Wainwright, Alberta, while Grace Studholme, '25, is continuing her musical studies in Edmonton.

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Bill Martin, M.Sc. '26, left at the beginning of January for the University of Minnesota, where he will continue his research work on drought-resistant plants.

Helen McQueen, '26, has been taking a business course at McTavish Business College, but is at present visiting her brother, Rob, M.A. 1920, in Saskatoon.

Anne Bain, Com. '26, has a position in the Department of the Attorney-General, Edmonton.

The members of the Alberta colony at Oxford—John Cassels, '24, Ted Gowan, '25, Clarence Campbell, '26, and J. T. Jones, M.A. '26—meet quite regularly. Clarence writes from Oxford: "We get together every two or three weeks for tea, and talk over old times and the happenings at the U. of A."

James A. Macdonald, B.Sc. '24, writes from Timmins, Ontario.

Marcel Jean-Richard, '23, is lecturing in French at the University of Manitoba. "Jean" returned to Canada this September after a year spent in France, where he continued his post-graduate work and renewed old friendships.

Bee Buckley, Arts '25, is teaching at Milo, according to latest advice.

Ethel Cobb teaches the young idea at Macleod. Macleod's fortunate.

Wallace Miller and Harold Phillips, of Class '26, attended the U.F.A. Convention in Ed-

monton this month. Phillips is at Langdon and Miller at Carmangay.

C. C. Kelly, '25, recently left for Trail, B.C., to take up a position as smelter.

Jim Laurie, graduate of last year in Agriculture and rugby, is in the Wheat Pool office, Calgary.

Spence Morrison is now connected with the Raymond School of Agriculture.

Wes Smith, Ag. '25, is grading at the Government Grain Grading Station at Edmonton.

Elmslie Gardiner, B.Sc. in Arts '22, received his Ph.D. from Berkeley last May. Elmslie is doing research work with The Standard Oil Co. of California. His address is 2001 Allston Way, Berkeley, Calif.

George E. Smith, Arts '26, was teaching in the High School at High River when word was last received. They must have a high old time down there.

Bob Wilson is teaching High School in Lethbridge, and has been heard lately to make uncertain noises which may possibly result in a Branch in that thriving community.

Val Melvain and Sox Lynch-Staunton (both Law '26) have made bold to communicate with ye editor. A layman would gather from the letter that Lethbridge is treating them passably well. Milvain is in the office of Virtue and Paterson, Lynch-Staunton with Hogg and Goodman.



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Walter Herbert, '23 and '26, is with the Wheat Pool, Calgary, acting as assistant secretary. He likes his work, and writes ecstatically of the Pool's stenographers—but then, you know Walter.

Another member of that Captain Plunkett class, Law '26, is Jack Saucier, and Jack calls Calgary his abode; J. Fred Scott, barrister, etc., is his business affiliation.

F. W. Barclay ("Slippy") is articulated to the firm of Robertson, Winkler, Hawe and Wilson, Edmonton.

G. J. Bryan, U.L.B. '25, was called to the Bar in January. He was presented by George Van Allan, with whom he served his articles, and is continuing with the firm of Van Allan, Simpson & Co.

Ellie Butchart is with a brokerage firm in Vancouver.

E. W. Day (Ted) has deserted the legal profession, and is at present with Gillespie Grain Co., Edmonton.

"Hank" Gale is in a law office in Calgary.

Luther Jones is with the Land Titles Office, Edmonton.

S. Lefsrud has been called to the Bar, and is practising at Viking.

J. C. Mahaffy has been called to the Bar, and is with a law firm in Calgary.

A. G. Bramley-Moore has also deserted the legal profession, and is now with the Holland Canada Mortgage Co., Edmonton.

J. W. O'Brien is practicing law with B. F. Tanner, '25, at Cardston, Alta.

Morris Baker has been called to the Bar.

W. A. Short is connected with the firm of MacLean, Short and Cane, Edmonton.

Ronald Simmons is now married, and resident in California.

L. J. Shepperd, '25, has a thriving practice at Alliance.

Gregor Thom, '24, has been called to the Bar, and is now practising at Jasper.

Paul Poirier, '24, has been practising law in Edmonton since his graduation, and has lately been made a member of the firm of Milner, Carr, Dafoe and Poirier.

Bob Lamb, '23, is now living in San Francisco, and is an insurance adjuster for the Phoenix Assurance Co. of London.

Ewart Stutchbury, '22, has a thriving practice at Westlock, and rumour has it that he is shortly to depart for that bourne from which no traveller returns—quite the sane—

Orson Wright, '26, is articulated with Abbot and McLaughlin, Edmonton.

John Gaunt, '26, last year's Chief Justice of the Students' Court, is with Macdonald, Weaver and Steer.

Mrs. Fitzsimons, '26, is articulated to her husband, who is practising law in Edmonton.

Don Thomson, '26, is with Grant & Stewart, Edmonton.

The redoubtable Abe Millar, '24, is with the firm of Dawson & Millar, and has become the criminal expert of the firm.

Jack McAllister is making glad the hearts of his friends. He has been with the Sun Life Insurance Co. since graduation, and has received a promotion to the head office.

With the departure of Jack McAllister for Montreal, George Parney is the only surviving (in Edmonton) member of the old basketball squad that brought Varsity her first provincial and western university championship, 1921. Ellie Butchart is in Vancouver, Doug. York is mining in B.C., Perry Hamilton is in Portland, Oregon, Art Manson is practicing medicine in Montreal, A. Necker is in Saskatchewan somewhere, and Dickie Conrad is dead.

Gordon Saunders, Med. '26, has removed his family to Sedgewick, where he applies the principles and practices of medicine to advantage.

Edith Hamilton, Med. '26, is interning at the Boston Floating Hospital.

The only news from Ruth Lyoness, Med. '26, comes from Scotty Devlin. He reports seeing her at the Sick Children's Hospital, Winnipeg, where she is interning.

Johnnie Glenn has left the University Hospital for the City Hospital N.Y. Johnnie was given a royal send-off by the nurses and medical students of the U. of A. He entered the train under a storm of confetti and showered with kisses from his bride—George Haworth, dressed according to the fashion of the times.

Leon MacGregor has received a lecturing scholarship in Pathology from the University of Minnesota for a period of three years, at the end of which time she will receive her Ph.D.

Among the alumni present at the Undergrad on Friday, January 28, were: Miss Sada Kiteley, Mr. Clare Manning, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Kane, Mr. Howard Emery, Mr. P. G. Davies, Miss Anne Wilson, Mr. E. B. Wilson, Miss Gwen Toby, Miss Gwen Little, Mr. Bill Bloor, Mr. D. P. MacDonald, Mr. Cecil Edwards, Mr. S. G. MacDonald, Mr. S. C. Stephens, and Mr. C. V. Jeffries.

THE LETTER BOX

(Continued from page 14)

her best, there's small hope of leading anything except a funeral.

The cover design on "The Trail" is fine and dandy—from an old timer. It makes my feet itch, makes me look up the old bed roll and—but when I turn the cover that feeling is like the Queen of Spades—lost in the shuffle. Leaders! Shades of Dad Ottewell! When Dad started there was an eddy behind him—and L. Y. Cairns and John of Gaunt and Paddy Nolan and dozens more. Come on, you old war horses, and well push this—old creak clear over the Rockies.

There is room for all, even the Aggies (they can plant flowers along "The Trail", cowslips in the boggy places—a real smart

one might even be able to find a pickle or two of wheat in all this chaff.)

My own specialty will come in when you get into high (like an Englishman's game). I have a few stories hung up by the tail—when they're ripe they'll drop off.

Well, cheerio,

KIDD.

Olds, Alberta.

Editor, The Trail.

Just received the October Trail and read with interest J. McMillan's letter regarding the proposed reduction in fees. I must say I do not favor the scheme, and do not think it will result in any appreciable increase in membership. It is not because the fee for members-at-large is two dollars that more do not join the Association, nor is it because the graduates have lost interest in the University. I think the reason is that we are somewhat lazy, and something always intervenes between our good intentions and their fulfilment. If your business manager could solicit each graduate personally most of them would gladly pay the fee. I have been acting for some time as business manager for another Alumni Association. The fee in this association is one dollar, and in spite of all we can do we can scarcely raise the number of "outside" members above a certain number which is about the same from year to year. It is the personal appeal which counts—for when we sent personal letters to three hundred as an experiment a relatively large number of memberships came in. We have tried all kinds of schemes before, such as reducing the membership fee, making club offers, putting on contests, etc., but the results were very discouraging. It is out of the question to send personal letters or to solicit personally a large number, so I have not as yet made a constructive contribution. I am sure of this, however, that cutting the membership fee will result in nothing more than a decrease in your yearly receipts. There are about a dozen U. of A. grads here, and I am going to talk the matter over with them.

I believe your vigorous editorial will do more to waken the sleeping consciences than anything that has been done heretofore. I believe the Alumni will yet justify your having faith in their interest, which needs only to be aroused to become actively evident.

Could small branches not be formed in the smaller towns in the same way that locals of many organizations are formed? For example, here in Olds there are twelve or more of us, and I am sure every one would be glad to support the Association in any way if they were asked personally. There are possibly as many more at each of such towns as Red Deer, Lacombe, Stettler, Banff, etc. One graduate in each town could start the local branch, and I have no doubt that every grad-

uate would be willing, even glad, to take a share of the responsibility for keeping the local up and doing. Through these small groups it would be possible to keep contact with individuals more easily than with a more centralized organization. Strong provincial bodies have used this plan with great success, and I believe that we could.

One who was aimed at and hit.

Sincerely,

E. L. CHURCHILL.

Timmins, Ont.

Editor, The Trail.

Dear Sir,—Referring to Mr. MacMillan's letter in the last copy of The Trail, I wish to approve the suggestions made, viz.:

1. Members-at-large to pay a yearly fee of one dollar to the central association.
2. Branch member to pay branch assessment, plus one dollar a year to the central association.
3. That The Trail be sent to members in good standing only.

Yours truly,

JAS. A. McDONALD.

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In December, 1924, a graduate of the University of Alberta joined our Agency Force. On February, 1926, he was appointed Unit Manager. In January, 1927, he was given a further promotion to a responsible position in our Head Office.

Three other promotions were given from the Edmonton Office in one year.

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WANTED

Addresses of the following Alumni

Do you know where these Alberta graduates are? If so, please advise the Secretary of the Association, Mr. G. B. Taylor, University of Alberta, Edmonton.

C. Banks, '21.
Milton Brown, '13.
J. Boyd, '21.
N. Chishof, '24.
S. J. Dymond, '15.
W. Draper, '13.
J. D. Ferguson, '24.
G. L. Flack, '19, '20.
L. Good, '22.
Clarke Gordon, '22.
R. J. B. Hibbard, '21.
H. C. Johnston, '22.
G. R. Johnson, '23.

Miss E. Lake, '20.
C. Laws, '25.
S. Leonard, '19.
R. Lillico, '20.
W. J. McLeod, '23, '24.
W. R. McDougall, '21.
D. M. McRae, '24.
G. C. Paterson, '24.
S. C. Robinson, '23.
C. E. Ruddy, '24.
J. Russell, '22.
S. H. Sands, '20.
S. Sawula, '22.
E. Smith, '18, '24.
W. G. Saltau, '20.
Mrs. R. B. Stillman, '19.
Miss J. M. Stuart, '17, '18.
Rev. D. M. Thompson, '18.
G. E. Thompson, '24.
M. A. Tuck, '24.
J. Yak, '24.

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DALHOUSIE ALBERTA HAVE INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE DEBATE

In a Correspondence Debate recently conducted jointly by The Gateway and the Dalhousie Gazette, the representatives of Dalhousie won an 8-6 judges decision, The Gateway announces.

The debate aroused considerable interest last fall during the time it was running simultaneously in both papers. The subject, "That compulsory attendance at lectures is in the best interests of the student body," was favored by Alberta's team, Jack Sweeney and Emily Horricks, while Arthur Murphy and Freda Winfield of Dalhousie opposed.

Each "speaker" had one article of about one thousand words printed, each team had a rebuttal article, the articles appearing in successive issues of the papers and in order, as speeches would in platform debate. The editors of college

papers in Canada rendered the verdict, eight voting for Dalhousie, six for Alberta.



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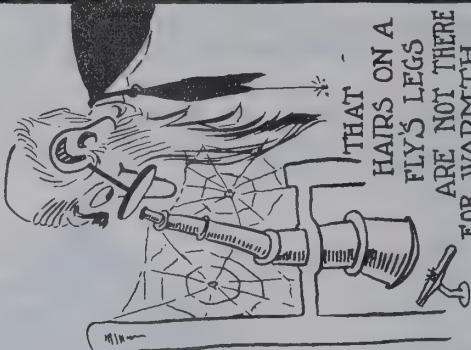
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REAL
VALUE



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ARE NOT THERE
FOR WARMTH
ALONE IS CONCLUSION OF
THIS SON OF SCIENCE



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VARSIITY HOOPSTERS ARE NORTHERN ALBERTA CHAMPS

Y Team, Containing Men Familiar to Many Graduates, Beaten for Third Straight Time—Hockey News

Jimmy Bill's lightning senior hoop specialists brought home their third straight victory of 35-22 over the Y squad in the final game played in the Y.M.C.A. Jan. 26. Greenlees, Galbraith and Brynildson kept up a high speed well-developed combination with Gowda and Obe O'Brien, which proved too much for the overtown hoop artists. Parney was the shining light for the Y's, managing to bulge the hemp for 14 points. "Long Shot" Brynildson fired a continuous barrage at the Y hoop, and slipped through three baskets in quick succession, counting twelve points for the whole game. "Obee" O'Brien, with Greenlees, guarded the ring for the campus "sheiks," and managed to break nearly every one of Parney's and Doc Dunsworth's combination plays. "Hubby" Husband is still under the weather. It is doubtful just

when Sid Stephens, who is suffering from a broken bone in his wrist, will be able to join the ranks of the green and gold again. Along with Kilgour, he acted as official.

The lineup:

Varsity—Forwards, Gowda (3); Brynildson (12), Galbraith (10); guards, O'Brien and Greenlees (10); subs, Williams and Thompson.

Y. M. C. A.—Forwards, Parney (14), Elesky (2), Dunsworth (4); defence, Haliburton, Perring (2); subs, Stephens, McAllister and Dagg.

The hockey boys are having a stiff uphill fight in the Senior City League this winter. They are now resting at the bottom. However, some good hockey has been developed.

The Rink Committee expect to proceed with the erection of Varsity's Covered Rink next summer.

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CANADIAN ANCESTRY-WORSHIP

(Continued from page 4)

man's thought reacts to the benefit and glory of Canada.

For many years, Canada has been suffering from the maintenance of a misfit upper chamber. The original object for the Senate was to provide sectional security, which could not be guaranteed in a House of Commons of elected members, with respect to legislation. Our short but fruitful history has shown us that, viewed from its original *raison d'être*, the Senate is a fizzle. What a blessing it would be if old Sir John were to send us a little message from Marcia assuring us that he and his associates would not consider it disrespectful if we were to change his old Senate!

There are many rumors among men! And some blunt, hard-boiled westerners even go so far as to suggest right out in the open that Canada could stand some changes in her banking arrangements.

Of course, it's in the B.N.A. Act—right in section 91—that all matters pertaining to banks and banking shall be under the exclusive control of the federal government. But, even so, it's interesting to ruminate about what Sir John would think if he could see the crying need of generous provincial banks, as some of our prominent agrarian statesmen see it. Or if he could have just one glance at the way the Bank of Montreal octopus has its sinuous tentacles wrapped around the throat of our helpless Alberta!

To suggest that there is some thread, be it ever so silken and slight, of connection between ancestry-worship, on the one hand, and matters of divorce and solemnization of marriage, on the other, seems farcical. But is it? Those "men of '65" set it down in black and white that the federal government should deal exclusively with "marriages and divorce," and that the provinces should control the "solemnization of marriage in the province." Far be it from me to be so absurd

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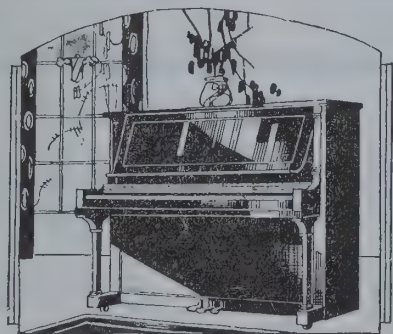
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as to suggest that these matters were not wisely decided in the confederation debates, in view of then existing conditions. But we all know now that those two above-mentioned sections are antagonistic, not only superficially, but fundamentally. Much litigation has evolved around them, and there is still an oppressive element of doubt about it all. One almost fears to get married, lest the solemnization of that happy event be repugnant to either section 91 or section 92, and hence null and void. Horrors! And this is Canada? Yes; Canada, still dominated by the shades of men who served their country well, and died expecting us to use our initiative and reasoning powers.

Yes, the poor Chinese are suffering from ancestor-worship; from their tenacious adherence to the rules and examples of their forebears, to the exclusion of considerations in keeping with present-day reason. Poor Chinese!



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CALGARY BRANCH NEWS

The first meeting of the season took the form of a dinner at the Board of Trade rooms, Nov. 5. About forty guests were present. The speaker of the evening, Jack McClung, gave an interesting talk on the Law Courts of London, tracing them from the days of the Knights Templar to the present. Mr. George Burrell gave three excellent vocal solos.

On December 3 the club took advantage of the presence in town of Prof. Broadus, to hold a dinner in his honor at the Board of Trade rooms. As the notice given was necessarily short, there were not as many present as usual. Following the dinner, Dr. Broadus gave an informal talk on University affairs in the early days, and brought the Calgary Branch in touch with recent events among professors and students.

On the evening of Dec. 17 Mrs. Nellie McClung entertained the club at her home, 1501 7th St. W. Those present

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enjoyed themselves at dancing and cards.

McDonald's Academy was the rendezvous for the 1926 reunion. The committee in charge consisted of Mr. Duncan McNeill, Mr. E. C. Snyder, Mr. Jim Nicholl, Mr. Henry Gale, Mr. Jim Mahaffy, and Mr. W. K. Gross. A large number of Alumni members, their friends and graduates and students from other universities visiting here, were present.

GEORGINA H. THOMSON,
Sec., Calgary Branch.

DEATH OF CANADIAN V.C.

The death has occurred in Potter's Bar Cottage Hospital, following an accident, of Captain George B. McKean, V.C. Captain McKean was sawing some logs at his mills at Cuffley when the wood splintered and his head came in contact with the revolving saw. Terrible injuries were inflicted, and he died a few hours later without regaining consciousness.

He had an interesting career. Born in Bishop Auckland in 1890, he went to Canada alone when he was 15 years of age, and worked on a cattle ranch, and later on a farm owned by his brother. In 1911 he entered Robertson College, and in the following year was registered with the University of Alberta as a student in arts and sciences.

Three years later he enlisted in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and had been promoted to the rank of sergeant when he went to France in 1916. He was granted a commission in the field in 1917, and was awarded the V.C. in 1918. He was twice wounded.

Just after the war he published a book on "Scouting Thrills."

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THE COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE SERVICE

(From a paper by W. McL. Clarke,
Director Commercial Intelligence
Service.)

The Commercial Intelligence Service is that branch of the Department of Trade and Commerce which is designed and maintained to assist Canadian exporters in finding and developing markets abroad. It is essentially a service department of the Canadian Government. Its primary purpose is to bring together the domestic seller and the foreign buyer for the sale of Canadian products and to co-operate with the commercial community to build up the volume of Canada's foreign trade.

One of the principal requirements of the exporter is a constant supply of reliable information regarding the quality and the extent of those outside markets in which he is interested. Local conditions and tendencies in distant markets

foreign production figures, import and export statistics, the means of approach and the ways of distribution, statutes relating to tariffs, currency movements, co-operation laws, patent and trade-marks legislation, regulations affecting commercial travellers and those affecting the labelling and packing of foodstuffs, the status of embargoes, sales and stamp taxes: transportation and freight rates; on these and related subjects no Canadian firm—or for that matter no group of firms—is in a position to provide such a service of specialized fact finding on the one hand and of active co-operation on the other as is necessary to enable them to take full advantage of openings as they arise for the extension of their trade in foreign fields. And it was for this purpose that the Commercial Intelligence Service was organized.

The Service dates from 1892, when an order in council was passed authorizing the appointment of six part-time Commercial Agents in the West Indies. Two years later the first full-time official was sent abroad, when the department opened an office in Australia. At the present time 24 offices are maintained, located at various strategic centres, and covering all the more important markets of the world. Each office is in charge of a trade commissioner, who is a business man and economist, who is thoroughly familiar with Canadian resources and industries as well as with market conditions in the territory in which he is stationed. He is thus in a position to give Canadian exporters the benefit of his advice on the absorptive capacity of the market so far as it related to Canadian goods.

In addition to the assistance which is rendered by the Canadian Trade Commissioners there is a special arrangement which was arrived at in 1912, through the Secretary of State for the Colonies, whereby the services of the British Commercial Diplomatic Officers, as well as those of British Consuls are available for Canadian firms seeking overseas trade opening in countries where Canada is not represented by a Trade Commissioner.

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functions are served. One is a world-wide system of commercial intelligence. The other is the distribution of this intelligence where it can be capitalized to the best advantage of the Canadian exporter.

Any *bona fide* firm or individual in Canada engaged in the export of Canadian products can make use of the Commercial Intelligence Service at all times free of charge. Its aim is to assist the Canadian manufacturer or exporter with specific information on foreign markets without interfering in the actual business of any exporter, which is naturally his own affair.

EGO

To and fro the city,
Up and down the street,
The grave-eyed people
Move on rapid feet.
With sad preoccupation
Or non-committal stare
They gently dodge the traffic
Moving everywhere.

To and fro the planet
In the sunlight's glare,
Grave-eyed humanity
Scurries here and there.
With air of bored detachment—
A comical effect—
They dodge the rolling wheels of Chance,
Moving circumspect.

To and fro the Universe,
Through the fields of time,
Solemn solar systems
Spin and curve and climb.
With air of mock solemnity,
Or simulated smiles,
They dodge gigantic nebulae,
Down eternal aisles.

Only God and I alone,
In mutual esteem,
Known the atom and the sun
Are nothing but a dream.

—R. V. C.

PREPARING A PLAY

The Association, assisted by the Edmonton Branch, is preparing to produce a play, same to be presented in Convocation Hall the week preceding Convocation itself. There are few details to announce as yet, but with Professor Adam directing and with the available talent, the drama when played, is sure to be a success.



Watchman: "Young feller, were you going to kiss this girl?"

Young man: "N—no."

Watchman: "Well, then, hold my lantern."

(From the *Evergreen and Gold*.)

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